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SPORTS ON BOARD SHIP.

The voyage from Kingston, Jamaica, to Avonmouth Docks, Bristol, lasts 14 days, and as no land is seen for about 12 days the passengers get up sports and other entertainments to relieve the tedium of the journey. Indeed, for the greater part of the voyage nothing is to be seen but the sea and a few of its inhabitants, such as flying fish and sharks (in tropical waters), and porpoises and whales later on. The excitement is great when a ship is sighted, and everyone rushes on deck to see it, and all guess where it has come from and its probable destination.

About two days after we had left Kingston the deck tennis tournament was started. Deck tennis is played with a rope ring, the diameter of which is about 6 inches. The court is on the deck, and is marked out something like a tennis court, only, of course, it is much smaller. The scoring is the same as for ordinary tennis, and has to be adapted for the game. The server throws the ring over a net about 4 feet 6 inches high into the opposite inner court, and it is then thrown backwards and forwards over the net

until it falls outside, or a player fails to catch it, when the point is scored as in ordinary tennis. But it is not all as easy as it sounds. When the ring is caught, if it touches any part of the body the point is lost. Another difficulty is that there is, about 2 feet above the net, an awning, or a net, which covers the whole of the court about 6 feet 6 inches above it. If the ring happens to touch this net the point is lost. Again, the ship is not steady. In mid-Atlantic it is always either pitching or rolling, and it is often difficult for a player to keep his balance. It is a very exciting game to both the players and spectators, especially when the sea is rough. Occasionally a ring lands under one of the lifeboats, or even goes overboard, when there is much distress. The deck golf and shuffleboard tournaments were also started early.

After the tournaments were finished the sports were started. There were many very amusing races and competitions. Of course, there were potatoe, egg and spoon, and three-legged races for the children, but one very amusing one was thread-the-needle race. Each girl was given a big sail

needle, and her partner was provided with a piece of string to thread it with. He had to run up to her, thread the needle, and then both had to run back. But he was not allowed to hold the needle in any way, and it was very amusing to see everyone trying to thread his partner's needle quickly. Among the competitions were chalking the pig's eye, cock fighting, and bolster and bar. In cock fighting two players were provided with short poles, about 3 feet in length. They sat down in a large circle which was marked out on the deck, and which was the cockpit, and put their hands round their knees. The pole was passed under their knees and over their elbows, so that it kept them stiff. Then they had to work themselves along as best they could, and try to knock each other over. For the bolster and bar a long pole was slung from the awning supports, and a rug was tied firmly round it. Cushions and mattresses were put underneath to break the fall, and each of the competitors was provided with a pillow. When two were safely on the bar the fight started, but usually at the first blow both fell off. The winner was the last one to touch the ground.

Other entertainments were a fancy dress dance, book dinner, and a concert. There was dancing every night after dinner to the strains of a gramophone. Everyone who entered the book dinner competition had a piece of paper pinned on to the dress or coat, with various signs or sketches on it to represent the title of a book. They were judged by means of votes, and there was a first and second prize given. The concert was held in the drawing room, and was a great success. Programmes were sold, and the proceeds given to the Royal Lifeboat Institution. At the commencement of the concert, prizes for the sports and competitions were distributed. They consisted of silver-plated articles, with the company's flag in enamel on them. These served as pleasant mementoes of the voyage to the fortunate possessors.

The last few days of the voyage the sea was so terribly rough, and the ship rolled so much that children went about on hands and knees, old people stayed in bed, and the others tried to keep their balance and their dignity at the same time.

We landed early on Easter Monday morning at Avonmouth Docks, and had a very cold reception from the English climate, which we found, and still find, very trying after our sojourn in warmer climes.

MARY LLOYD.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

The most important event in the world history of the present century is the formation of the League of Nations. A child as yet—albeit a vigorous one—it is the most hopeful attempt to end war ever made. Its purpose is to end war by removing its causes, and to promote world-brotherhood. That anyone condemns an organisation with these aims is a sign that they have some interest in the promotion of war, or that they refuse to believe that anything new is at all good. Surely no thinking person who knows of the horrors of the Great War would be willing that human beings should suffer the far worse ones of a future war. Even those who wish to end war do not all support the League. How can they fail to realise that the only way to secure enduring peace is through the world-brotherhood of the League?

Many who are neutral towards the League want to know what it is capable of, what it has done. They do not remember that it has had only two years of existence. Nevertheless it has important work to its credit. It has settled three political questions, either of which might have caused an outbreak of war; and in a fourth case hostilities were averted, although the states concerned did not agree to its decision. It has set up a Permanent Court of International Justice. It has created the Mandate system, whereby ex-enemy colonies are governed by members of the League. It has taken steps to mitigate such world-wide evils as the abuse of drugs. It is working to alleviate the terrible famine and disease in Central and Eastern Europe. International Transport and Finance have received attention. Best of all, it is bringing together representatives of the world's peoples, and is thus working for the brotherhood of Man. Is not this enough for the doubters!

The League naturally needs a somewhat complex organisation. At present it consists of the Assembly, the Council, the permanent Secretariat, the Court of International Justice, the International Labour Organisation, and last, but not least, the Auxiliary Organisations. The Assembly is somewhat similar in its Constitution to the lower house of a parliament. Each member is represented in it by three delegates, only the head of whom has a vote. It deals especially with the admission of members, the selection of the temporary members of the Council, and it must approve the Annual Budget.

The permanent members of the Council are Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, with a place for the United States. There are also four temporary members:—Belgium, China, Brazil and Spain. It sits about every two months, and it can deal with "any matter within the sphere of action of the League or affecting the peace of the world."

The Secretariat has at its head the Secretary-General with three Under-Secretaries. Under them are Directors of Sections, Technical Experts and minor officials. The duties of the Secretariat are to prepare League work, executive duties, and the registration and publication of international treaties. The Court consists of eleven judges and four deputy ones. Its duties are to deal with the "interpretation of treaties, questions of international laws, and breaches of international obligations."

The Labour Organisation has for its objects the study and improvement of working conditions in all states members of the League. The other organisations are either technical ones, or ones which control the League's humanitarian activities. Of course, the present organisation may have to be altered considerably. However the Covenant of the League, and hence the constitution, can be easily amended.

Some may doubt the possibility of the League attaining its full aims, while admitting its usefulness in some spheres of action. The Armaments question has been practically settled outside the League. Why should the League object? It matters not who settles the question, provided that it is settled. Then the United States is outside the League. It can only be a question of time before it joins. President Wilson was defeated, and, with him, his aims. The disarmaments Conference was a step in the right direction; it shows that the Americans themselves realise that the Munro Doctrine is obsolete. The League has proved its worth in some directions; we must wait before condemning it in others.

A League of Nations is no longer a vision of idealists. It is in existence and at work. We cannot condemn its ideals. We should not condemn the League itself, unless we know of a better practicable scheme. Until such a one be formulated, we should uphold it. The League's success depends upon the support of the world's people. Therefore it is possible for everyone to help to end war.

H.T.L.

A DAY DREAM.

"The fair young queen, the cynosure of all eyes—"

The glorious sun was setting beyond the massive structure of the Louvre. The western sky was a blaze of crimson, and that awful crimson was reflected everywhere—on the dusty roads, on the walls, on the passers by, on the trees, on the tumbrils, oh! most of all upon the tumbrils. Crimson, the sign, the colour, the revolution itself, predominated. But was all this brilliant colour the effect of the sunset, or was it—blood!

Corbeau, the grizzled old man with the spade, was engaged in his gruesome, horrible work—work which he, nevertheless, enjoyed to the utmost—the task of removing the remains of the victims of the guillotine. Where the bodies were it is difficult to say. I doubt if Corbeau himself knew. His task was to remove the heads from under that fatal instrument, only to make room for more on the morrow. The tumbril was already half full. The heads of "noblesse" and commons mingled, shovelled all together in a mass of dust and blood, to be carried hence to the pit outside the town.

There were the heads of old men and women, wrinkled, open-eyed, horror-stricken, the wisps of grizzled hair matted with blood. There were the heads of little children, once fresh and joyful, now ghastly pale, the horror, nay, almost the madness of fear still fixed on their distorted features. There were the heads of men and women in the prime of life, who met death more calmly, with the pale flush of life still warm on their faces; but all stained with the inevitable seal—blood!—blood!—blood!

A stranger entered the courtyard, picking his way through the refuse, and, leaning against the tumbril, stood watching Corbeau in his grim employment. The pile on the earth was rapidly diminishing; the burden of the tumbril increasing. The stranger watched silently, with a far-off expression, seemingly heedless of the work going on in front of him. Corbeau heaved a sigh, and stayed a moment, leaning on his spade. The cessation of the grating sound of the spade caused the stranger to return once more to his immediate surroundings, and as he fixed his gaze on the pile of heads he started, grew pale, and, tottering forward, seized Corbeau by the arm.

"Look, my friend, look," he whispered, fearfully, and pointed downward. On the top of the heap lay a head, face downwards—a face pale, but still very beautiful, even in death. The eyes, bluer than the heavens, contrasted strangely with the pallor of the brow; and the rich coils of golden hair, displaying here and there a gleam of burnished copper in the sunset, encircled the perfect features of a woman. To say that it would grace a Grecian temple, or that its beauty rivalled that of Aphrodite, would indeed be a small praise, so fair it was.

The good Corbeau directs his eyes to this object.

"Who is it? Quick! Quick!" continues the stranger, his eyes sparkling with strange excitement.

"But, monsieur, how should I know?" returns the undisturbed Corbeau; "there are so many, so many!" And he accompanies his statement with an eloquent gesture of the arm.

The stranger puts his hand into his doublet and draws forth a handful of coins. The greedy eyes of Corbeau glisten with avarice.

"See here, friend Corbeau," he whispers. "Twenty pounds for that head down there."

The loyalty and devotion which Corbeau possesses to the Republic is swept away by the conquering love of gain. The bargain is completed. Corbeau lifts roughly the beautiful head, hands it over to the stranger, grasps the money, and each is satisfied.

The glow of brilliant crimson has faded from the west, and dusk is creeping over the turbulent city, the centre of fury and madness. The stranger covers his burden with a cloth of fine white silk and departs. Reaching a quiet corner in the street, he uplifts the veil and gazes at the beautiful features concealed beneath it.

"Marie Antoinette," he murmurs, "Marie Antoinette."

* * * * *

"Get on with your work there." A stern work interrupts my train of thoughts. "This is a lesson for history revision, not for day dreams."

The Bastille fades, the crimson glow, the tumbrils, the revolution is replaced by the orderly classroom and the rows of bent heads around me. I drop my eyes once more to my French history book, and once more the phrase meets my gaze: "The fair young queen, the cynosure of all eyes——"

M. S.

THE HERO AS EXPLORER.

Once more untimely death has cut short the life of one of Britain's greatest and most illustrious men. The news of Sir Ernest Shackleton's decease on board the "Quest" came as a great and tragic surprise to us here at home in England. We were not prepared for it, and not till then did the majority of the nation realise what Shackleton meant to us. His iron will, tremendous energy, and indomitable courage were but little known and little cared for, and perhaps this was inevitable.

The greatest heroes are often those who move unobtrusively through the world, working almost unnoticed on the highways and byways of life. Their full value is never realised until they are gone.

Shackleton was one of these. What cared he for the rewards and trifles of this world? They were mere baubles to him. Ah! if we could but realise the great example he has left us in the history of his life. He had a great heart, had Shackleton, and a mind intensely broad in its outlook upon the world. He was no mere stay-at-home, moving continually through the pleasures and slothfulness of high society. His was a noble life, full of self-sacrifice and earnestness—a life as beautiful and free as that of Nature herself. Yet we never realised it, and now he is far from us, where earthly rewards can never penetrate.

"From the great deep to the great deep
he goes."

Shackleton is gone, lost to the world in body but not in soul. His spirit lingers yet, undying and unquenchable in those he has left behind. Ah! what a comforting thought is that. The spirit of Shackleton, with its simplicity, its earnestness, its wild, savage strength, dwells still amongst us here. It can never die, but is his legacy, a hero's legacy, to be handed down to generations yet unborn. He has gone to swell the ranks of death, and his call comes back to us here on earth:

"It is the challenge of our dead—undying,
Calling, 'Remember! we have died for you,'
It is the cry of perilled earth's hereafter,
Sons of our sons—be glorious—be true!"

Shackleton's cry comes forth with the rest, to rouse the manhood of England!

There, in the midst of the snows, did he ever realise his destiny? His was a thankless task, but yet he was supremely happy. The snowy wastes—cold, dreary, limitless—rose up before him always, calling, beckoning. The spirit of adventure held him powerless. The Unknown thrilled him, and he answered to its summons. One can see him now, with his deep, penetrating eye and his firm chin; determination and strength of purpose were evinced in every line of his features. For him there was no turning back, no idea of failure. Surrounded by desolation, held in the icy grip of the Antarctic winter, he could yet say, "Death is a little thing."

He lies now in sight of Antarctica, and his name will be ever added to the list of those who have perished amid the everlasting snow-fields of that mysterious continent. England has lost a hero; one more martyr has suffered in the cause of science. That is all some of us think about him; but some day he will receive his reward, and future generations will look back to him and say, "This was a man!"

E. H. M.

SPORTS DAY.

Hurrah! Jolly Sports Day at last! Now comes the day for which we have all been preparing so long. How gay the field looks with its fluttering flags, gently dangling sacks and tempting hurdles.

Promptly at 2.30 up roll the visitors, all stopped by numerous officious programme-sellers, and all good naturedly handing out the necessary twopence. Goodness! What a crowd of people! and what heat! All the shade has been monopolized long ago, and parasols play a prominent part along the line of spectators.

Bang goes the pistol for the first race, away go a long line of boys, and the white tape flutters invitingly in the distance. Already, the bell is clanging for the next race, and the names of the winners are quickly posted up on the blackboard. And so it goes on.

"Poor boys! How hot they must be!" murmurs a pitying and awestruck lady in my ear. Poor boys, indeed! I'd like to see them change places with anyone on a sports day. What do they care how hot it is? After all, there is ice cream to be had in plenty.

Now, perhaps most exciting of all, comes the obstacle race. Away they gallop, scrambling and

tumbling over the wagons, and at top speed to the sacks. Ah! those sacks. How much youthful ambition has been rudely shattered while dangling helpless in those "un-get-outable" bags! Some, it is true, are more lucky, and slither head-first through, laughing gaily at the unfortunate ones who are left to eye with anguish the disappearing humps under the sheet. How terribly ignominious they must feel when they are kindly rescued by grinning helpers!

Towards the end of the afternoon matters get not a little heated between the three sides. "Cocky old Tomtits, a lot of chance THEY'VE got," shrieks a Jackal. "As much as you, and more!" promptly yells back an angry Tomtit. The Brownies are silent—they know!

The relay—last, but by no means least—is the most thrilling of all. The cheers and shouts that greet the small boys as they proudly trot round; prouder still if they happen to be in front! He is a hero indeed who pulls his side up level with the others, and bad luck to him who slips at the critical moment.

All the races now being over, the hot visitor wanders off for tea, and ices are consumed with relish. The "poor boys" generally manage to eat quite a good tea after their exertions, and rush off to "change" before the most important part of all. Every side, of course, knows who is going to get the shield. What wild rumours fly about, and what excitement!

At last, all being properly lined up, the results are announced. I knew the Brownies—still, why rub it in? Better luck to the others next time!

K. B. W.

Spending most of the afternoon in the hall was vastly more interesting than you would think. The sports may be, and certainly are, exciting, but selling is positively thrilling in comparison. Especially is this true with regard to sweets. Cocoanut ice, though mild in appearance, has to be treated with the utmost consideration before it is at length folded safely in the bag. In the first place, it has to be sold. This, in itself, is a delicate matter. People have so many differing opinions as to what constitutes perfect cocoanut ice.

"A little pink," remarks one would-be purchaser, mildly eyeing a vivid slab of this substance. After having truthfully remarked that

it was, perhaps, a SHADE too pink, I turned, while murmuring my regrets at my inability to oblige, to the next customer. She also is bent on securing cocoanut ice, so, remembering my last experience, I show her a plate of delicious snow-white ice reposing most artistically on flakes of the palest pink (my own attempt). To my great astonishment this, the work of my own hands, receives instant condemnation.

"Why, how pale! Someone's been short of cochineal!" With a sigh I proffer once more the vivid article. It is seized upon immediately. "I will have it."

Forthwith I call to my aid four assistants. The cocoanut ice clings so affectionately to its plate that one girl has to chip it off with a knife, another holds the plate, a third the bag, the fourth renders general assistance, while I vainly endeavour to keep my already restive customer's eyes from watching the operations. At last it has consented to veil its hateful pinkness in the depths of a paper bag. Now for the money. "Yes, please, it's sevenpence." I think they sell sweets at sevenpence because it's such an awkward number to deal with. While I am laboriously subtracting this sevenpence from the half-crown which I received in payment for the sweets up rushes a Tomtit friend. "Oh! we are doing awfully well," she announces, with a beaming smile. "The Brownies? Oh! they haven't won a race yet, except, I think, someone came in fourth in the egg and spoon. And do you——"

A suggestive cough reminds me that the sevenpence hasn't finished subtracting itself yet. Seizing some loose money I hand it to the purchaser of that vivid sweet. "Is that right?" I enquire, confidently expecting a grateful affirmative. "Of course, it's not right." By degrees I learnt that I still owed my customer sixpence. It is curious, but nearly always—or, perhaps, I should say always—when I give change I keep more than I should. As my companions point out, it looks so grasping. I really shouldn't let my eagerness for a tennis tea betray me into dishonesty. At length, to my great relief, the lady of coloured cocoanut ice departs with her lawful change. I rush out in time to see the relay race, then back to the hall to wrestle once more with sevenpences, sweets, bed-socks, cakes, cold sweets and raspberry buns. Selling in the hall is a somewhat complicated, somewhat difficult, certainly sticky, but never-

theless, very jolly way of spending Sports Day.

E. W.

IV.A'S VISIT TO COUGHTON COURT.

IV.a's visit to Coughton Court was a great success. It happened on the day that the lucky individuals, our superiors, went to the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon.

As soon as we arrived at the old house, I seemed to imagine myself back in the past sharing the life, the excitements, and the anxiety of other ages.

First, I found myself in a crowd being hustled and jostled by people in strange clothing. It was evidently a fair and all were striving to see the sights. In one corner was a group of gentlemen in richer clothes. Listening to them I heard that a wager had been made by one of them, that a coat could be made for him within twenty-four hours. First, I saw his lordship being measured for his coat, while near at hand I saw the sheep being sheared. The wool was at once dyed and woven into cloth, and then finally given into the tailors hands. The coat was finished and the wager won.

The scene changed, and I found myself once more in a crowd, but this time it was a crowd of people poorly dressed. I stood there waiting by the dole-gate for my weekly dole of food from the monastery, where the charitable nuns gave away food. After obtaining the food I turned away, but suddenly, I found myself in a large room. It was draped in black, and sorrowing figures stood round in groups. The door opened and in came the tall and beautiful Mary, Queen of Scotland, followed by her weeping attendants. She stood by the block a stately figure, mournful but still erect, her life of long endurance ended, she was now prepared for death.

Once more the scene changed; I was seated with a few other richly dressed ladies in a dimly lighted room. Outside I could hear the rain pattering, and the wind whistling round the old walls. We waited expectantly, in silence. Suddenly in the court-yard below, a horse's hoofs clattered on the stones, and there was a cry from without. What would be the tidings, failure, or success? The door was flung open, the breathless messenger entered, and told his tale. The Gunpowder Plot had failed.

This scene passed away. I heard the sound of

guns. Once more the times were troubled for the inhabitants of Coughton Court. Cromwell's guns were lodged upon a hill not far away, and were firing on the old house. Inside all was confusion. Men were hurrying up and down the staircases and corridors. They were intent on saving the house, by hanging wet blankets over the front, to protect the walls. So I dreamed on, until suddenly I was brought back into the present by curious noises close by me. These were made by a certain member of our form who apparently was trying to choke himself with lemonade and cakes. We revived him by thumping his back vigorously and he was reluctantly dragged from these delicacies to explore the gardens. All too soon we were summoned to go home. The return journey was made shorter by the discussion of all we had seen and heard at Coughton Court.

B.W.W.

A VISIT TO GREAT ALNE THEATRE.

Our visit to the theatre was a great success, and besides being very enjoyable on its own account, it solved rather a dark mystery which had been abroad for some time. Last term a member of the staff was heard to enquire about the size of the Memorial Hall, "and had it a good floor?" It was the floor which baffled would-be solvers of the problem. Could the staff be proposing to invite the school to a fancy-dress ball? Would they give us ice-cream and trifle, and motor us home at four in the morning? Visions of such an original proceeding were soon dispelled by the Arts League of Service. Going to the theatre on Tuesday afternoon is decidedly better than going to school, and we set off in a body long before two o'clock. We arrived with scarlet faces and dusty bicycles but in very good time. One member of the party was so accustomed to Stratford Theatre that she asked if we weren't going round to the steps. The shade of waal was much more cooling, however, so we occupied the time by searching anxiously for our tickets, and speculating on our chances of a good seat. After the usual scramble so closely allied to a one and threepenny ticket, we reached our places and looked round. The more elite of the theatre-goers sat solidly in front, but alas they would not sit still. Every when the stage is hidden it is very exciting to guess what is going on. But I fail to see why people should be allowed to waggle their heads ad. lib. just because they pay sixpence more

than we do. When the performance began we forgot people and their troublesome heads. Acting, singing and dancing were enjoyed to the very utmost, especially if we found time to compare them with Geography, French and English. Of course we all wanted to go to the evening performance, but alas, "Back to home-work," remarked my companion, "I suppose so," she returned getting on her bicycle, "But didn't we have a jolly time?" We did, and even the ride back to Alcester was more bearable, livened up by murmers (the mistresses were in the rear, you understand) of "Jacky Boy" and the subdued information that "Dis ole man come rolling home."

E.W.

THOUGHTS ON JULY 11TH, 1922.

We have now reached the stage when we talk, think, dream, and calculate in terms of Senior, so I must be forgiven for writing about it. It is the beginning of a new era, the one great event of this century, and it is a remarkably uncomfortable one. We don't mind working for the great examination, of course, but when we are oppressed by terrible dreams!!! One of our members, especially, surpasses the rest of the class in this respect. The first dream was an interview with Cicero, but the dreamer asserts that he was so awe-inspiring that she dare not even ask him to run through his speech. This omission was very careless, so she was duly warned to keep her wits about her should the interview be again granted. The next morning we learnt with bated breath that in her nightly vision she had seen the Virgil exam. paper in front of her, and, if you can believe it, she even forgot to make a note of the lines! She deserves to fail for her unpardonable selfishness. In the meantime we are sleeping on our backs to induce dreams to visit us—useful ones, I mean; and every night we take a paper and pencil up to bed to jot down all information.

There are many problems connected with senior quite apart from those which can be solved with the help of a dream book. For instance: One former victim declares that so terrible is the majesty of the examination room that it affects your hands as well as your brains; in fact, you can hardly pick up your pen because that limb trembles so much. What shall we do if we can't fill in our index numbers or follow the directions?

One practical person suggests a very strong cup of Bovril. Another thinks very strong peppermints might sustain us. But are we allowed to eat in the hallowed room of torture? Then we are very uncertain about the examiners themselves. Do they like us to put "I think" all the while, or should we state our own opinions? One prudent member of V.a is going to answer her questions in a purely impartial way. Thus:

"The battle of Waterloo is reported to have taken place in 1815. Napoleon is said to have been defeated."

At any rate she will be on the safe side, and, after all, that is the main thing. If only we knew the examiner we might be able to do even more brilliantly than the staff expect. However!

It is really curious to see the number of ways in which we satisfy our thirst after knowledge. Questions on all subjects are the order of the day. If bananas are being eaten at lunch time we have lists of banana-producing countries. If meat is in evidence we calculate on the possibility of our animal living in some foreign land. What ports did he visit on the way to England. Were they snow-covered? If he boarded the ship at 3 p.m. in Bombay, what time was it at Bidford? For light recreation we say, "finish this quotation, giving the author, his date, and a brief account of the work in which it occurs"; or, for pure pleasure we run through Virgil, or work out a dozen simultaneous quadratics. One girl was even heard to offer a threepenny ice in exchange for the date of the publication of the Lyrical Ballads.

Though senior is a horrible nuisance, it is, in its way, quite exciting. After all, it's distinctly a novelty to be regarded as "swots," to be acknowledged by the staff to be really working, to sit at your desk revising if you are wise, speculating on the results if you are unwise, disturbed only by the rustle of ancient senior papers which adorn the walls of our classroom. And then we shan't feel flat after the examination, for we have still the results to look forward to with joyful anticipation. Why, it will brighten up the whole summer holidays!

If we should fail? Even in such an unheard-of calamity we can still say with the poet:

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."
E. W.

OUR VISIT TO STRATFORD.

It was with considerable joy we learnt that once more we were to take our annual trip to Stratford. For some time the staff had seemed rather doubtful, but finally the verdict was given in our favour.

Accordingly, on May 10th, Vb, Va, and Vith set out to see "Much Ado About Nothing." Of course, everyone was wildly excited. For about a week before we had heard vague rumours of a charabanc, a 'bus, and finally, a fish van! The boys indignantly spurned the idea of going in any of these conveyances. At length all was settled—the boys were to cycle, and the girls either to cycle or go in a conveyance hired in the town. Three members of the staff went with us—Miss Deans with the party in the motor, Miss Dobson with the girls cycling, and Mr. Druller followed later on—as some rude person remarked—to pick up the fragments should we chance to break down the van. I suppose it is only natural for some people to pass sarcastic remarks, but in the very bottom of their hearts I think they envied us just a little, especially when we—quite cool and collected—passed them as they were toiling on rather exhausted up Red Hill. Nothing very exciting happened while waiting in the queue, except that we rather prided ourselves on our good behaviour when we saw how some of the other school parties conducted themselves. We all enjoyed the play immensely, and, as usual, were not slow in criticising both actors and actresses, and occasionally the audience, too. Everyone agreed that Baliol Holloway, as Benedick, was very good, and some (especially one unfortunate, who lost her box of chocolates, and at the end discovered she had been sitting on it) rather envied him an orange which he seemed to enjoy immensely in one scene.

Among the female characters Dorothy Green, as Beatrice, was favoured most, Hero being considered by the majority as being rather sentimental. The man taking Conrad's part had a very nice voice, and some people had a craze for "Sigh no more, ladies" for a considerable time afterwards; in fact, I know one person who has not got over it yet. After the play, we all had tea together, and then prepared for home. In spite of two misfortunes—a bicycle puncture and a burst motor tyre—we got home quite early without anything serious happening. We had all enjoyed ourselves to such an extent that it

was with some regret that several remembered it would be the last time they would go to the theatre as one of the School party. B. C.

TOURNAMENT DAY.

When, when will the rain cease to fall?

The scudding clouds of sombre grey
Inspire no hope in sinking hearts,
And alas for tournament day!

The anxious house-wife prayed for rain,
Her water-tub was cracked and dry,
And large the pile of unwashed clothes,
Her prayer was granted. Why, oh why?

Drip, drip, drip, drip, all day and night,
The wet wind from the south-west blows,
And day and night the rain beats down,
A fire on every hearth-stone glows.

But yet the sun may brightly shine,
The threatening clouds will roll away.
Birds will fly in a bluer sky,
Then hurrah! for tournament day.

S.J.B.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

May we enquire what kind of an animal is man? as K.F. translates "Tartarin ramasse" sur ses fortes jambes," as "Tartarin fell down on his four legs."

It was with great surprise that we heard that a certain member of IV.a had discovered such a date as February 30th! How the times do change!

In future 'colours' are to be awarded to those who play regularly in the School Hockey, Football and Cricket teams.

Dorothy Taylor is to be congratulated on gaining a Second Class Honours in Economics at Sheffield after only one year's work, and also on having obtained her M.A. degree.

Pearl Jephcott has gained her B.A. degree with Second Class Honours in History. We heartily congratulate her on having been awarded a travelling Scholarship. We understand that she is going to Geneva shortly.

Edith Gander and R. H. Mander have passed their Intermediate Examinations at Birmingham and Sheffield respectively.

We understand that Eunice Baseley is going to Bedales School, Hampshire—a large Co-educational School—as assistant secretary.

Mary James is taking up nursing.

Phyllis Richardson and Nellie Hill are going to St. Gabriel's Training College, London, in September.

Violet Bunting is to take a course in Domestic Science at the Battersea Polytechnic.

Kathleen Fenn and E. Bowen will enter on courses at Birmingham University in the Autumn.

The School games suffered a severe loss when C. Bunting left in the middle of the term. We understand that he has already made a reputation for himself on the cricket field at Rugby.

We all regret that the 'Twins' Katie and Evelyn Wilesmith are leaving school this term, after being here more than ten years. They are the last of the original pupils who came to the School when it was first opened in February, 1912.

F. Bunting won the Cup at the Sports with 107 points.

The Brownies won the Sports Shield with 452 points.

The Arts and Crafts Shield was won by the Tomtits. That the Captains of a winning side should be brother and sister—as was the case this year with Charles and Violet Bunting—is likely to be unique for some time to come.

Congratulations to Mrs. L. Villars—nee Irene Heard—on her marriage.

Also to C. S. W. Wright on his marriage.

Everyone has been pleased to see Miss Weir amongst us again.

Our best wishes for their success to all those who are now taking the Oxford Examinations.

Congratulations to A. J. Partridge and to H. C. Wainwright on gaining Candidate and Minor Scholarships respectively.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

During the Spring Term three meetings of the Musical Society were held. Miss Lilian Green kindly arranged the programme for the first meeting. Several of her pupils sang, and she also brought the "Old Scholars' Choral Class." The part song "Enconctured with a twine of leaves" was a song which they sang at the Birmingham Musical Festival. This meeting was a very enjoyable one, and thanks were due to Miss Green for providing such a delightful programme.

The second meeting was devoted to Music connected with Shakespeare. The programme was given entirely by members of the Society. Miss Dobson read a very instructive paper on "Shakespeare and Music." Members of the Society again provided the programme for the third and last meeting in the term. The attendance at the meetings continues to increase, over a hundred persons being present at each of the above meetings. The members of IVb., although they are not admitted to the Society show a keen interest, and were allowed to attend the second meeting.

THE DICKENS RECITAL.

The last day of the term is usually a trifle boring, for we are left for the greater part of the morning on our own resources for amusement. Last term, however, we had a very pleasant surprise when Rev. Runnels Moss came to give us one of his Dickens Recitals. Much excitement prevailed, especially among the younger members, many of whom could not quite grasp the import of a Dickens Recital. At eleven o'clock we filed into the hall, and our curiosity increased when we saw in front of us a table and a couch. Mr. Moss began by informing us that he could accomplish the whole of

any of Dickens' novels without omitting any important parts in two hours. Nicholas Nickleby was the subject of the recital. For two hours we sat enthralled, one moment in convulsions of laughter caused by Miss Squeer's "multitudinous curls," and the next, deeply touched by the conditions of Dotheboy's Hall. We all enjoyed the entertainment, and it brought the Spring term to a very pleasant conclusion.

M.S.

CRICKET.

The School have again enjoyed a very successful cricket season. Unfortunately however the weather has interfered considerably with the programme so that it has only been possible to play seven matches. Of these six have been won and one lost. The results to date are as follows. May 13th, Harvington, won, 83-47; Mander 18, C. Bunting 11; C. Bunting 5 for 15, F. Bunting 4 for 30. May 20th, Grafton, won, 77-66; Mr. Hall 28, F. Bunting 13; C. Bunting 6 for 36. May 24th, Coughton, won, 91-33; F. Bunting 30, C. Bunting 18, Bowen 12, Betteridge 12; C. Bunting 6 for 7, F. Bunting 4 for 24. May 27th, Redditch S. S., won, 87-39; C. Bunting 28, F. Bunting 22; C. Bunting 4 for 17, Betteridge 2 for 2, F. Bunting 3 for 13. June 3rd, Aston Cantlow, won, 53-22; F. Bunting 29; C. Bunting 6 for 6. June 7th, Exhall, won, 115 (for 3 wickets)-56; C. Bunting 49 not out, Sisam 24 not out, Mander 16; Betteridge 5 for 9. June 14th, Stratford G. S., lost, 76-38; F. Bunting 5 for 34, Betteridge 4 for 39. Six matches were abandoned owing to rain.

The following boys have appeared at various times in the school eleven:—C. Bunting, F. Bunting, Bowen, Mander, Betteridge, Sisam, G. Baylis, Clark, Staff, Gothard, S. Baylis and Perkins.

E.H.M.

TENNIS.

The weather was extremely favourable for tennis during the first part of this term, but for several weeks now all games have been stopped owing to the rain. Tournament was fixed for July 1st, but it had to be postponed and we are still waiting for fine weather. We were fortunate, however, in playing off the VI, and VA, v. VB. match before the weather broke up. After a very enjoyable

game VB won by 59-49 games. Another match has been fixed for Wednesday, July 12th against the Old Scholars. The Gold Medal challenges have not yet been completed. Although we started quite early in the term, the semi-final and final have still to be played. The four girls who have yet to play are Meryl and Betty Thomas, Gwen Edkins and Molly Sisam.

V.B.

FOOTBALL.

The School again had a very successful football season. Twelve matches were played and in all of them the School proved victorious, in most cases by a wide margin. In the Spring Term six matches were played and they resulted as follows.

February 25th,	Evesham P.H.G.S.,	won, 8-0.
March 4th,	Exhall and Wixford,	won, 8-2.
„ 11th,	Redditch S. S.,	won, 2-1.
„ 18th,	Evesham P.H.G.S.,	won, 3-0.
„ 25th,	Offenham Swifts,	won, 3-1.
April 1st,	Redditch S. S.,	won, 9-1.

The following players represented the School;—Bowen, goal; F. Bunting, C. Bunting, backs; Staff, Hall, Holder, Harwood, Gothard, half-backs; Shrimpton, Jones, Betteridge, Perkins, Baylis, Mander, forwards. Colours were awarded to Bowen, F. Bunting, C. Bunting, Hall, Betteridge and Mander. Seventy-two goals were scored against our opponents eleven, Jones contributing 23, and Betteridge 19.

HOCKEY.

Since Christmas we have only played one hockey match. This being the one when the girls from Prince Henry's Grammar School, Evesham, visited us and beat us by seven goals to one. We eagerly looked forward to a match at Studley, but owing to the rain this match was scratched, also a match was fixed with the old girls, which we were relying upon for a victory, but owing to the fact that this match was fixed for half-term Saturday, it also had to be scratched much to our disappointment. The following girls have played in the team this season:—E. Clarke, P. Edkins, M. Sisam, D. Swainston, N. Hill, M. Walker, E. Wilesmith, K. Wilesmith, V. Bunting, F. Winnett, G. Edkins, M. Hemming, F. Andrews. The following girls have been awarded colours this year:—E. Clarke, P. Edkins, N. Hill,

M. Walker, E. Wilesmith, K. Wilesmith, F. Winnett, G. Edkins, M. Hemming, F. Andrews.
M.W.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Only one meeting of the above society was held in the Spring Term. The subject for debate was "Prizes." Clark proposed that "Prizes are undesirable and unnecessary." K. Wilesmith seconded the motion. The opposition was led by Bowen who was supported by Lester. The discussion which afterwards took place was extremely lively, and the debate was one of the most enjoyable so far held. At this meeting it was thought best that members should have the privilege of being able to speak twice.

When the motion was put to the meeting it was carried by a majority of fourteen, the actual numbers being—for the motion twenty; against six.

A debate was arranged for April 3rd. Mander was to propose "That India is not yet fit for self-government." However this meeting was abandoned owing to a snowstorm, which prevented the majority of the members from attending.

THE LIBRARY.

The past year has been a successful one in the history of our school library. All seem to realise the great opportunity it offers them and they do not neglect it. Especially however do the librarians appreciate the regular attendance of the lower school. It is quite a common sight to see a group of these juniors at 1.30 p.m. patiently waiting for the Library to open! Luckily for the lower school, many junior books have been added to the Library since the Autumn. We must thank Mrs. Wells for giving us "The Rock of the Ravens," "A Flat-iron for a Farthing" and "Renzi," and also Miss Wells for "Earth and her Children" and "Kings in Exile." At different times in the year too, Miss Kingston-Jones has very kindly given us "The Travels of Mungo Park," "On the Edge of Primal Forest" and "The Heart of the Antarctic." We have also to thank the Old Scholars for their contribution of H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" to the Reference Library.

K.E.F.